

12  
TABLE-TALK.

SEPTEMBER 1745.

———*Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,  
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri Farrago Libelli.*

27  
JUVENAL.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe in Pater-noster-Row.

M.DCC.XLVII.

[Price 6d.]

# TABULAE-TALK

SEPTEMBER 1745

— Roman, Timor, Inc. Voluptas  
Gaudia, Dilectus, noster, Fervore Libell.

JOVENA.



L O W D O W :

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Globe in Pall-mall-Row.

Price 6s.

M.DCCXLV.

---



---

# TABLE-TALK.

**W**HEN lovely *Cælia* had resign'd  
 The dear Delights of Womankind,  
 And could, without Reluctance, see  
 The Powers of Talk-inspiring Tea,  
*Imperial* in its last Decay  
 Glad Mrs. *Betty's* harmless Prey ;  
 When all the Fountains that supply  
 The Pools of rich *Quadrille* were dry,  
 And each promiscuous Fish was seen  
 Stretch'd on the Pearl-bespangled *Green* ;  
 When *Phæbus* had consign'd his Pow'r  
 To a mild *Evening's* cooler Hour,

B

And



And lent the Jewels of his Light  
 T' adorn the *Empress of the Night*,  
 'Twas solemnly agreed upon  
 By *Mary Cook*, and *Butler John*,  
 That Supper in the Parlour shou'd be  
 With Expedition vast as cou'd be ;  
 For Master with Delay was hungry,  
 And Mistress with Impatience angry.  
 Swift as the Word the Cloth was laid,  
 And all was hush'd 'till Grace was said,  
 When Silence once again gave Way  
 To bring *Discourse* again in Play,  
 " But, Sir, if these Accounts are true,  
 The *Dutch* have mighty Things in View ;  
 The *Austrians*—I admire *French-Beans*  
 Dear Maem above all Sorts of Greens——  
 They say the *Prussian* Schemes are quash'd ——  
 Oh Maem, 'tis admirably hash'd——

Some

Some Pepper—and I hear *Argyle*—  
 A little Vinegar and Oil—  
 But that, perhaps, is all a Jest, Sir—  
 Maem, which you please—which you like best, Sir—  
 I think green Peas—if understood  
 The *Grand Duke's* Schemes—are lovely good  
 Mix'd, Mr. *Jobn*—will humble *France*—  
 Sir, your good Health—but that's a Chance—  
 Miss *Harriot's* vastly grown, Maem—why,  
 So her Papa thinks—Mrs. *Fry*  
 Is out of Patience—Maem a Piece  
 Of Sturgeon—with her *little* Niece,  
 They're both Year's Children—*Jobn*, some Bread—  
 But *Harriot's* taller by the Head.  
 She came from School, stay, let me see,  
 I think 'twas—Almond Flummery,  
 Venture to taste it, Mr. *Sear*—  
 The Night that *Garrick* play'd King *Lear*.

Oh, I remember !——Dearest Maem, let  
 Me help you——when he acted *Hamlet*  
 My Sister *Ashburnham* had on  
 Her Pink and Silver——Hark'ee, *John*——  
 And some rude Rabble from the Gallery——  
 The Soup tastes delicate of Celery——  
 Threw God knows what upon her Sleeve——  
 She's got it out, Maem, I perceive——  
 Oh, no, Maem, she was forc'd to buy  
 (Your humble Servant, Dr. *Dry*)  
 A whole new Breadth——we had such Sport——  
 Of Mrs. *Vokes* in *Old Round Court*.  
 Dear Mrs. *Chatwell*, have you heard——  
 To me a Teal's a better Bird——  
 How Mrs. *Branche's* Cause goes on?  
 A little Water, Mr. *John*——  
 O! Mrs. *Branche*! I can't abide her——  
 Pray, Mr. *James*, a Glas of Cyder.

Some



Some fay——a little Butter mix'd  
 With Capers——ſhe is ſo unfix'd,  
 She can't——eats moſt delightful in it——  
 Continue in a Mind one Minute.——  
 No! Carp, Maem, is——and ſo we ſee——  
 Above all Sorts of Fiſh to me——  
 A Triflingneſs——You knew *Tom's Wife*——  
 In every Action of her Life——  
*Tom Branche's Wife* I knew——another  
 Potatoe if you pleaſe——and Mother.  
 His Mother——Mr. *Oldham* ſpeaks,  
*John*, don't you hear?——within three Weeks  
 After——Theſe Eggs I always poach——  
 Was overturn'd in *York Stage-Coach*——  
 And Mrs. *Mixon*, as for her——  
 Miſs, your good Health, Maem, your's, good Sir,——  
 She went to *Perth*——poor Soul, it cry'd,  
 And ran to me——and there ſhe dy'd——

Poor

Poor little Soul ! Maem, some of those——  
 And did it hurt its little Nose ?——  
 Yes, Maem, it bled——I chuse a Wing,  
 Sir, you are quite——like any Thing.  
 But Doctor, if the noble Duke——  
 Take out that Skew'r there to the Cook——  
 Shou'd trounce Monsieur, I'm bold to say——  
 A little Sweet-Bread, Mrs. *Day*——  
 That 'tis impossible the *Dutch*——  
 Maem, if you please, not quite so much——  
 Refuse t' assist——Yes, Maem, but Spices  
 Improve it vastly——at this Crisis.——  
 Good gracious ! He's a dreadful Jobster——  
 Maem, I prefer one Inch of Lobster——  
 He piec'd my Habit all in Dabs——  
 At any Time to twenty Crabs——  
 Oh ! I'd forgot——they're lovely Rabbits,  
 Dear Maem !——but now you mention Habits,

Mifs



Miss *Drawbridge*—Your good Health, Miss *Perkin*—  
 Has got the fearful'st, frightful'st Jerkin,  
 It looks so tarnish'd and so old—  
 Miss *Jewkes*, I hope you've caught no Cold—  
 No, not at all, Maem—Fetch the Cheese in—  
 Snuff always did set me a sneezing—  
 The Association's form'd, we hear—  
*John*, mix a little Ale and Beer—  
 Why, really, Maem—your Health, Miss *Bayes*—  
 Folks talk on't many different Ways—  
 Tho' 'tis a Case that I'm no Judge in—  
 Maem, I'm prodigious fond of Gudgeon—  
 But apt to prate—they're fine stew'd Pears—  
 At such a Juncture of Affairs.  
 Dear Maem, you've heard how 'Squire *Bodling*—  
 My Daughter *Ford* admires a Codling—  
 It rain'd so dreadful cou'd not go,  
 He and Miss *James*, and Mrs. *Sloe*,

So

So far as *Tewksbury* last Week——  
 Sure, *John*, you heard Miss *Idle* speak !  
 You saw Miss *Drawbridge*, Maem, last *Sunday* ?  
 Yes, Maem, I did ! and Mrs. *Munday*  
 Had lost her Parrot——Pray, Maem, how ?  
 I really, Maem, can't tell, I vow——  
 I pity'd the poor Creature's Fate——  
 Give Mrs. *Dykes* a China Plate——  
 But poor Miss *Drawbridge* will run wild——  
 No, Maem, our Cream is always boil'd——  
 For our Part, Maem, I can't but say  
 We all——make Haste and take away——  
 Are mighty fond of Slip-flops——bring  
 The Wine and Fruits——Maem, *Church* and *King*——  
 Miss, shall I help you ? Sir, I beg !——  
 Sir, there's enough——Maem, Sister *Peg*  
 Is well, but *George* has hurt his Leg :

My

[ II ]

My Aunt was in a vehement Fright——  
 His left Leg, Maem——No, Maem, his right——  
 Poor Master *Georgy* !——Maem, I hope——  
 No, Maem, he's with my Uncle *Cope*,  
 And is as lively and as brisk  
 As——Maem, d' you chuse a Game at Whisk?

F I N I S.





My Aunt was in a vehement Tright—  
 His left Leg, Ma'am—No, Ma'am, his right—  
 Poor Master Georgey!—Ma'am, I hope—  
 No, Ma'am, he's with my Uncle Cope,  
 And is as lively and as brisk  
 As—Ma'am, 'd you chuse a Game at Whisk?

F I W I S

